

This was given by Solomonon in full detail,

reminded of witnesses at her. Why they indeed? Her life was in no wise different from that of most of her acquaintances. That there were terrible possibilities to one stopped to consider. And so at the end of three years, Donald Forest was going home, if one may misuse that word, in the twilight of a winter moon.

CHAPTER I.

ened all the worse passions of her na-

That's all right, then. I thought—that I
was afraid she would change her mind round

ently a rustle and a stir, then a new word
of applause, and Mr. Forest turned to after

so sadly, in the twilight of a winter
mon.

They soon came to a spot that offered excellent facilities for concealment or defense. "Remain here," said Skale. "I will turn back for a time. We must have horses. You will be careful, then, while I am gone."

"And be very careful yourself, I beg of you, since you think it best to go," said Lida. "I will be careful," said Skale. "I will be careful."

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN A WAY LEFT—A FORTRESS. Leaving his companions in the forest, Hiram Skale passed rapidly to the westward until he had struck the trail of the retreating British. Every man had passed, and silence reigned over the forest. The tramp of troops, and the various sounds made by a marching army when concealment is not necessary.

The road followed the deeply rutted road for some distance, until a small hamlet was reached, that he had noticed when he had passed. It was a small hamlet, and the houses were built of stone. It was a small hamlet, and the houses were built of stone. It was a small hamlet, and the houses were built of stone.

"What can it mean?" exclaimed the scout. "Surely, no settler would care to make this place his home for a time yet. He would not feel like improving it much, with arms on both sides to burn and destroy. The spot looked so desolate, a graveyard when I was here before, and now a hamlet about. I must look into this, but will have to be careful. Perhaps I can get a peep through the window, without being seen; the trees are thick about."

Saying which, he stole cautiously to the rear of the cabin which appeared to be occupied, keeping himself well covered by the woods which grew dense and shadowy, close to the dwelling. Reaching a position from which, with little danger of being discovered, he could obtain a partial view of the interior of the lower room, he glanced keenly in. A rude couch was spread on the floor, and on this lay the form of a man.

From the bright uniform he wore, Skale knew that he was an officer of the British army. Over him bent a second individual, apparently endeavoring to keep him from obtaining possession of the horse, but he is well worth waiting for."

Hiram was about to retreat from the place, when the sound of footsteps was heard outside, and a hand was seen at the fastenings of the door. Hardly having time to leave the stable, Skale sprang up into the hay loft, thinking that the intruder wished only to look in at the horse for a moment, or to give him his hay, as it was near noon. This was indeed done, but instead of then leaving the stable, the fellow threw himself upon a bunch of fodder in one corner, as the scout could see by peeping through an aperture at the bottom of the almost empty room, and appeared to be fixing himself for a nap.

"Hang me for a blunderer!" exclaimed Hiram to himself. "I believe I'm trapped. That fellow is surely going to get me. I am in the way of my getting out. How long am I to be kept here, I wonder? I should have been more careful, though I don't blame myself for entering the stable, for it was necessary to make sure of the presence of the horse. I could have seen from the outside without exposing myself to the view of any one who might chance to be at the window of the cabin. I shouldn't have stayed so long, that's all. That animal held my eye, he did. Hang it, I say. What's that fellow doing there? He seems to be fast asleep. He listened, for the man seemed to be moodily contemplating."

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Our Drama at Hickory Hill.

A HOLIDAY STORY FOR BOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAURICE F. ROAN.

The reply. "To know I never liked the idea of starting. While you were gone, the young lady and myself went to town to see the doctor, leaving the care of the house to you. You will be careful, then, while I am gone."

Carlton moved at this gruffly facetious allusion to himself, for he had indeed been left for a short time alone, while the old doctor and the young lady had been out. He had been alone in such a manner that the ingenious scout that it would have taken hours to extricate himself from the bonds fastened upon him with tongs and chains.

"Indeed, Hiram?" cried the young lady, gaily.

"The moving a quantity of leaves—dead leaves of last year's growth—that lay near, she exposed to view a number of beautiful and nicely cleaned trunks!"

"We caught them in our hands—that is, Simon did, and I helped him by looking on," said Lida, with delight. "Oh! it was rare sport. I almost forgot that I was not at home with dear Beaulieu—my foster-father. We often went to the woods and returned laden as Simon did to-day."

"Will it be so kind to kindle a fire?" inquired the doctor, who had been standing by.

"There can be no danger here in the dense woods," answered Hiram. "We are fully a mile from the track of the army, and except the men at the hamlet I mentioned, I do not think it probable that there is a human being near. The presence of the troopers is only accidental."

"We will soon have a feed, then," said Simon.

A fire was quickly kindled—the men taking the precaution to use those kinds of wood which in burning emitted the least smoke, keeping himself well covered by the woods which grew dense and shadowy, close to the dwelling. Reaching a position from which, with little danger of being discovered, he could obtain a partial view of the interior of the lower room, he glanced keenly in.

A rude couch was spread on the floor, and on this lay the form of a man. From the bright uniform he wore, Skale knew that he was an officer of the British army. Over him bent a second individual, apparently endeavoring to keep him from obtaining possession of the horse, but he is well worth waiting for."

Hiram was about to retreat from the place, when the sound of footsteps was heard outside, and a hand was seen at the fastenings of the door. Hardly having time to leave the stable, Skale sprang up into the hay loft, thinking that the intruder wished only to look in at the horse for a moment, or to give him his hay, as it was near noon. This was indeed done, but instead of then leaving the stable, the fellow threw himself upon a bunch of fodder in one corner, as the scout could see by peeping through an aperture at the bottom of the almost empty room, and appeared to be fixing himself for a nap.

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The Hickory Hill Academy was situated on Hickory Hill, a view from the academy was really fine. It commanded a long stretch of fields and woodland, with here and there a silver thread of water flashing amid verdure.

Doctor Arthur was the principal. He was assisted by Alpheus Hiram, B. A., in managing the school. There were other teachers, but they did not reside at the academy.

Doctor Arthur was a very good man in the main, but, like most of us, he had some faults. His excessive fondness for delving into the roots of dead languages, and his belief in the dogma that boys can be successfully governed only by the exercise of the most inflexible sternness, were his most prominent defects.

The chief characteristic of Alpheus Hiram, B. A., was the concentrated dignity of his manner. He was a model of deportment. He stood six feet high in his stockings—not that he ever entered the school-room with those necessary articles in sight—the very idea of such a thing would have thrilled him with horror. I mean merely to intimate that he stood higher in his boots. The appearance of his head and neck reminded one of a large cannon-ball perched on a thin, round post. A new scholar had once sung—

"The strange that legs so very slim,
Can upright hold the stately Hiram."

The youthful poet received a sound flogging, and he never dared be disrespectful again, although there was some truth in the lines.

The pupils numbered about one hundred, of whom J. W. Hiram was one. We were all boarders, and Doctor Arthur ruled us with a rod of iron. His system of discipline could have scarcely been stricter. A half hour on the playground, or, if it rained, in the study-hall, was all the time allowed him for recreation. There was no idleness, we needed more time for "blowing off steam," as we called it. In consideration of this fact, I hope you will not too severely censure our method of enjoying ourselves when the opportunity occurred.

"Good morning," said the regular teacher of the day, began, Bob Boggs bounced into the recitation-room where we of the first class were assembled. He seemed in high spirits; "a silent laugh, a loud snarl, stretched his mouth almost from ear to ear. He gave a snarl at the Hen and Chickens, 'I've expended my fellows!' he exclaimed, 'I've expended my fellows!'"

"I've expended my fellows!" was our response, "and hurry up, for Hiram's coming across the lawn with awful strides."

"Well," began Bob, drawing the word out as long as possible, for he knew we were burning to hear what he had to say. "The day after tomorrow, perhaps I'd better not tell you until recess-time—and he stopped short, looking around with a tantalizing grin: 'You don't care much about hearing it, and if you do, patience is a virtue, so I'll give you a chance of becoming virtuous.'"

"Go on, Bob, and stop your fooling."

"Well, old Brown, the gardener, says that the doctor is going to Milton for two weeks; so Hiram and the teachers are going to have a supper at the Hen and Chickens, on Wednesday night, when we're all safe asleep. Ain't it jolly?"

Milton was about eight miles away; the Hen and Chickens was a hotel on the Milton road.

Bob continued: "The doctor will start to-day. We'll arrange everything at recreation; and we'll have a stunning time on Wednesday night—lots of fun. Three cheers!"

The cheers, however, were prematurely silenced by Mr. Hiram's entrance.

You must excuse Bob's language—for at Hickory Hill, we had no time for English. During the morning Doctor Arthur came in, and he gave us a good lesson in good advice, plentifully seasoned with quotations from Cicero and Virgil, he informed us that he was going away for some days; he said 'I'd, and snorting the action to the word, he left the school-room.

The morning passed slowly. At last the hour for recess struck, and we gladly hastened to the playground.

The playground was a wide strip of land surrounding the lawn. No grass was allowed to grow on it—it was shaded by tall elms.

The first class held a meeting in one corner, and Bob Boggs was elected chairman.

The remainder of the boys, their curiosity excited to the highest pitch by certain vague hints, were gathered in a group, and they were all eagerly listening to Bob Boggs.

The most important question was, How should we spend Wednesday evening? The majority voted for a play—so it was resolved that a drama should be performed in the study-hall.

This determination was made known to the other classes, and they loudly expressed their approval. Everybody was delighted. It was no wonder—for we had no plays during the holidays, and in consequence, we were stage-struck.

The next day was Sunday. We had several hours to ourselves on that day, and we were all very busy. On being informed of this, Albert Bright, the head of the Rhetoric class, was engaged to write the play; but here a difficulty arose. Every boy wanted a conspicuous part. Now, it was impossible for our dramatist to write a play containing a hundred heroes. On being informed of this, a large number declared they would have nothing to do with the "concern," and seceded in a body.

Bob Boggs was in despair; but Albert Bright settled the matter by promising to put in plenty of good roles for the "brigs," thus satisfying the malcontents.

Our author worked hard at the play. Much to Mr. Hiram's surprise, he missed all his lessons on Monday, and he must have written during the night, for on Tuesday the drama was ready. At recess on the same day, the parts were distributed.

That play was a magnificent affair! The hero was twice wounded by a poisoned arrow, thrice taken prisoner by the Turks, once cast from a precipice into the sea, and after all he came out alive and triumphant. A few assassinations, capture by robbers, and during recess, with innumerable sword-combat, led to the lot of the minor characters, so everybody was satisfied.

Albert Bright was to be Iacine de Belvidere, the lovely heroine; Bob Boggs, Al Mustapha, the cruel tyrant; and the part of Sir Roland Rougemont, the invincible hero, fell to me. My speeches were not very hard to learn, as they consisted chiefly of such phrases as, "I defy thee, tyrant," "Beware, villain," "What ho! traitor," etc.

On Tuesday night, after Mr. Hiram had gone to bed, we had a grand rehearsal, but unluckily he heard the noise of our singing, and we were nearly discovered—only escaping from the hall by rapid flight.

Bob Boggs was a capital manager. He could coax as well as command; he made the most of his resources. All our properties were hidden in a raised summer house that stood in the garden.

Four sheets, surreptitiously obtained from the dormitory, and fastened together, were to form the curtain. A number of boys spent their recess each day painting large sheets of packing-paper for scenery. The paint had been prepared for a considerable time from some men who were engaged in renovating the doctor's rooms.

Had the doctor been in Mr. Hiram's place, his sharp eyes would have noticed our unusual statement, without doubt; but Mr. Hiram was so deeply absorbed

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A YOUNG LADY'S THROAT CUT WITH THE CORN OF AN APPLE.

The New York Sun says:—Miss Mary Ellen Fox, a young lady whose throat was cut by the corn of an apple in the Royal School a few days ago, is dying. She was eating the apple, and while in the act of swallowing a portion of the core, it cut the lining of her throat and several of the arteries, like a knife. Her close friends were astonished to see her fall over on the floor and vomit large quantities of blood. She was carried to the police station, but little could be done for her beyond keeping her perfectly quiet. Her mother, who had been summoned, was not allowed to remove her until next morning, for fear of fatal consequences. The poor woman sat in the station-house watching her daughter all night. Next day she took her home, where she has lain ever since, slowly wasting away. It is impossible for her to swallow anything whatever, and her stomach has become so contracted that nothing can enter it. She is so weak, from loss of blood and starvation, that the physicians in attendance refuse to perform any operation on her, or even to insert a silver feeding tube into her throat. When she was successfully done in other instances where the mouth or throat had been injured. They say that she could not survive an instant. She was a bright, amiable young woman, very much esteemed and beloved by all her acquaintances.

ANOTHER TRUCK MYSTERY.

QUEBEC, Dec. 26.—A truck mystery caused great excitement in this city. The other day a box was found at the Grand Trunk Railway depot containing the mutilated body of a woman in a partially decayed condition. The limbs had been cut off, and the flesh hacked off in lumps for convenience of packing. The box had been left behind by a stranger, who had crossed the river in a ferry boat. His name is unknown. He was suspected, and the authorities are busy investigating the matter.

A SNOW-BIRD MATCH.—A snow-bird match was shot December 22, between Captain Charles, champion shot of the United States, and James Ward, of Toronto. Ward shot sixty-six birds out of one hundred, and Hogard sixty-five. Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the result, as either man could have done much better.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 23.—James R. Grant's condition is improving, and it is now thought he will recover.

ITEMS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—Wong Haly, son of the late president of the Ning Yang Company, was buried to-day with Chinese ceremony, nearly one hundred Chinese were in the line, with twenty hired mourners and five wagon loads of provisions and flowers.

Alexis reached Cleveland on the night of Dec. 26, and was received at the depot by the Mayor and a committee of citizens, and was surrounded later in the evening. He will arrive at St. Louis on Jan. 5th, and is to have a grand reception there.

Catagay has gone to Washington to join his family there. He is quietly winding up his private affairs preparatory to his departure for Europe.

The evidence on the prosecution in the case of Mrs. Wharton, on trial at Annapolis for the murder of General Keith, by the administration of poison, closed Dec. 27th, and the defense opened.

Garretts have appeared at Salt Lake City. Two persons have been garrotted there within the week.

Small pox is said to be decreasing in Cincinnati.

The Russian fleet is ordered to remain in the harbor of New York for the present.

In California the weather continues warm and rainy, and the grass is growing rapidly.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SICKNESS.

A correspondent of a New York paper gives the following interesting account of the Prince's sickness:—

In every place of worship (Jew and Gentile) there were special prayers for the royal sufferer. In the Roman Catholic churches in England it is the rule that after the mass and before the *Pater Noster* and the three *Aves* said by the priest and the congregation, the officiating priest, standing in front of the altar, shall say a prayer for the Queen.

On the Sunday when the Prince's illness was at its worst, in addition to this prayer was read a special petition for the recovery of the Prince, prescribed by the order of the Archbishop. In the churches of the establishment something similar was done. But that afternoon the Prince was so ill that he could not attend church, and that compelled them once more to fear that the Prince was "past praying for," so far as saving his life was concerned. The five o'clock bulletin was anxiously waited for; it arrived about six, and it was read with grief. Then, after nine hours of waiting, came this:

SANDBROOK, Dec. 11.—130 A. M.—The Prince has had a little sleep. The symptoms are unchanged.

CONSULTATION.—A CHANGE OF TREATMENT. This was the last official bulletin of that night; but meanwhile the private dispatches and the letters of the special correspondents had arrived and were sent to me. Some of them were very interesting. To begin with, it transpired that on Saturday night the three physicians in attendance on the Prince had called into consultation another eminent brother, and that the result of that consultation was a change in the treatment, milk being substituted for the brandy and other stimulants with which the patient had been sustained up to that time. It was also ascertained that the statement made that one of his lungs "was gone" was erroneous, and that the still more fatal report that "perforation of the bowels" had occurred was false. But it was true that the lungs of the patient were greatly congested. Since Friday morning there had not been any real recovery of strength, but only alternations of tranquility and respite from the weight of the inflammation of the lungs. The Prince would occasionally have a violent paroxysm, which would end in vomiting; this would give him relief, and he would fall into a slumber. At intervals he would be conscious for a few moments, and then his mind would suddenly close to rest. But on Sunday morning, between eight and eleven o'clock, the Prince seemed to be really better.

THE PRINCE AT WORK.—The Prince, whose composure and resignation throughout the whole of her trouble has been wonderful, determined to go to church and pray for her husband. The church is not very far from Sandringham House, and he reached it by a path running through the private grounds. At nine o'clock the Prince sent the following note to the Rev. Isaac Oakley, vicar of Sandringham and chaplain to the Prince:

"My husband is better, and I am coming to church. I must wait with my husband, and therefore must leave before the end of the service. Cannot you say a few words for him in prayer early in the service, that I may join with you in prayer for him?"

And at 11 o'clock the poor Prince, simply dressed and followed by two of her suite, came walking over the snow along the path, and entered the little church. The chaplain, immediately after her arrival, and before reading the collects of the day, announced that he was about to offer up a special prayer for the Prince, and the congregation, falling on their knees, then joined in the petition.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Walking-sticks.—Fronsenading swells.

"You put a head" on a letter when you apply the postage-stamp.

A good name for a street railway conductor is "De-car."

Chewing blue-collar-paper nearly killed a little Vermont girl.

An Atlanta lover bought off his rival for \$20.

The origin of wine, like man's, should be referred to monkeys, since it is undoubtedly gray ape.

Compulsory education is the order in Illinois. The youthful aspirant for knowledge is encouraged with such cheerful inscriptions as, "Behave, or get your neck broke; Learn or die," written in large letters over the door of the school-room.

An older garment called the Gaidin is much admired by ladies. Our sex generally prefers the girl that is in it.

A schoolmaster at Green Bay, Wisconsin, rises to school every day in a hand-sled.

The latest London advertisement is a new machine, by which homely noses are pressed into the most fashionable shape, according to the taste of the owner.

The Chicago Republican, unable to approach the poetry of the highest order, cruelly says of a recent "fire poet" that, if anybody knows this poet and will kill him, it will cheerfully publish the obituary notice free.

Going to "press"—About to call on one's sword around "Looking up"—Putting one's arms around "Looking up"—Putting one's arms around "Looking up."

An impetuous Bostonian in the West, wishing to obtain transportation to his native haunts free gratis for nothing, delivered himself up to the Galena (Ill.) authorities on the charge of being a public nuisance, and was forthwith committed to jail in that character by his desired destination.

A Texas paper says:—"We have been asked why we stopped publishing the list of marriage licenses issued by the clerk. Because a great big stand-up-in-the-mud out there in the little hills said we published his daughter as married, when she wasn't, and that he would hit on the head hard enough to knock our ankles out of joint for it. Is the explanation satisfactory?"

The Herald has capped the climax of journalistic enterprise by sending a reporter to interview Dr. Livingstone. If he succeeds in his mission there will no longer be any refuge from impertinent curiosity on the face of the earth.

A California man requested his wife, in a ball-room to hold the baby of another man's wife while he danced with baby's mother—but she didn't hold it. Some wives are too disobedient to put up with it!

Our lynx-eyed assistants report this morning that 1,743 people slipped down yesterday on the streets of New York.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 26.—An Imperial decree appears in print, to-day, fixing the conscription for the Russian army for the year 1873 at six men in every one thousand.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PLAUSIBLE. A Holiday Book of Prose and Verse. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. A collection of short stories and poems, suitable for Christmas reading. A quaint design in colors decorates the cover.

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER. By ROBERT MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Good—worth buying.

BYRONIC AND BATTLE, OR THE STRUGGLES OF A SOLDIER. By OLIVER OPTIC, author of "Young America Abroad," "The Army and Navy Stories," "The Boat Club Stories," etc. With fourteen illustrations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

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THEY READ BUT DON'T PAY.

It is not infrequently observed, when persons are asked if they will subscribe for a local newspaper, or if they already take it, that they reply—"No, but neighbor B. takes it, and I have the reading of it every week."

They are benefited every week by the toxic, peripetition, and expenditures of those who receive nothing from them in return.

The above truth, clipped from an exchange, should be copied and re-copied in every country paper, until the trouble is abated. The publisher of a newspaper, depending as he does in a measure, upon his subscribers' list for support, naturally expects each family who takes to read his paper to subscribe for it, if they can afford it. Subscribers themselves, as well as publishers, find the newspaper borrower a first-class nuisance, for he often borrows it for the purpose of reading it, and then, if he returns it at all, the paper is in such a condition that no one else would care to read it. We would suggest that in towns where the nuisance has become intolerable, the publisher print, when requested, or stamp in large letters above the heading, "Subscribers not permitted to lend this paper," or, "This edition not for borrowers." The idea would take with subscribers, and prove a gentle hint to the mischief of all money-makers.—American Newspaper Reporter.

A RELIABLE AND HARMLESS.

Care for Pimples on the Face is FERRY'S COMBINATION AND PIMPLE REMEDY. Every Druggist sells it.

NOW IS THE TIME.

To remove Moth-Patches, Freckles, Tan, and all Brown Discolorations from the Face, by using FERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Sold by all Druggists in the United States.

FOR BLACK HEADS.

Pimples, Eruptions and Blackheads Disappear, use FERRY'S COMBINATION AND PIMPLE REMEDY. It is reliable and harmless. Order from your Druggist, or of DR. B. C. FERRY, 69 BOND STREET, New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOR.

An Irishman told his friend that he had defended him, the night before, against the attack of his enemy.

"What did the accused say of me?" said his friend.

"He said that you were not fit to carry a gun to a house."

"Did he?" said the friend who was there to defend him. "What did you say?"

"Why, of course, I contradicted him in the witness box, and told him that in a minute; for I defended most confidently that you were."

"But he said that six-and-eight-pence you owe me," said an Irish attorney to one of his clients.

"For what?"

"For the opinion you had of me."

"Fiddle! I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

An Irish girl told her forbidden lover who was longing to possess his portrait, and intended to obtain it.

"But how if your friends see it?" inquired he.

"Ah! but I'll tell the artist not to make it like you; so they won't know it."

"How, Patrick, said a judge, "what do you say to the charge? Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Fiddle! but that's different for your Honor to say, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a glass or two, was accused by the inspecting general, "What makes your face look so red?"

"Pine your Honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I speak to a general officer."

"Did you fall hurt you?" asked one Irishman of another who had fallen from a three-story building.

"Not in the least, honey," replied the other; "but it was stopping so quick that it injured me."

A gentleman who had conferred a favor upon an Irishman was thus addressed by him—

"Long life to you, sir! With the blessing of God, may you live to eat the hen that scratches the gravel on your grave!"

BOUND TO HAVE HIS FARE.

Rev. Mr. F., of Boston, who had accepted an invitation to preach at town on a certain Sunday last winter, was delayed until the last moment, and did not arrive in the town until late in the morning of the day he was going to preach. He hastened to the clerk of the hotel and requested him to procure a carriage for him, which was complied with, and he was driven to the church, and got there with scarcely a moment to spare. He stepped from the conveyance and hurried up the stairs, when to his great surprise, he heard a suppressed utterance and a burst of astonishment for which he could not account, until chancing to hear a foot-step behind him, he turned and beheld the same. The coachman, muffled to the chin, with fur cap on his head, a whip under his arm, and a pair of cavalry boots on his feet, followed him into the church. The Rev. Mr. F. was about to address him, when John exclaimed: "Ye ain't paid me. I want my fare." The worthy minister, greatly mortified, tried to explain to him that he had requested the hotel clerk to settle with him. "Oh, yes," returned the coachman, "I doney. That won't wash—it's too thin. Cash on delivery is my terms. I don't know you. I drove a fellow with a white necktie down to the cars last week, and he gave me the cash, and I ain't seen him since, and that time I made up my mind there wasn't no virtue in white neckties; so cash up." It was growing very embarrassing, when the Hon. Richard Warren, a prominent member of the congregation, who was well acquainted with Mr. F., hastened forward and settled the bill, whereupon John retreated, chuckling and muttering to himself, "Too much for white neckties that time."

AN AFFIDAVIT.

A highwayman named Ballard, confined in Newgate, sent for a solicitor to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered: "By getting an affidavit to make an affidavit your illness." This was accordingly done in the following manner: "The deponent verily believes that if the said J. Ballard is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing sessions, he will be in imminent danger of his life." To which the learned judge on the bench answered that he verily believed that there is some doubt of the truth of the foregoing.

PAPER OF GUNPOWDER.—A Georgia colored layman discussed the question, "What is the most useful, paper gunpowder?" The debate was closed by a disputant who spoke as follows: "Mr. President—Spore dar was a bar out dar at the door, and you was to go dar and shake de paper at him, you'd see what de bar would do. But jes about a week ago, de him and mark de result. I calls for de question." The President forthwith decided in favor of powder.

An aged clergyman in New Hampshire read a sermon before his ministerial association, bearing the title of "A Pious for Dumb Animals." One of the brethren playfully remarked that all the jackasses in the country ought to thank Father M. for his sermon. The author, turning to the critic, said, "I am glad that I have one appreciative hearer."

AN EPITAPHICAL GEM.—The following, we are assured, is a verbatim copy of a letter recently received by a schoolmaster in the north from a householder in the neighborhood:—"Our son, you are a man of no legs, I wish to enter my son in your school."

The other day, while the rain was pouring in torrents, a beggar was passing the street, vainly trying to protect his umbrella under his coat. "Why don't you open your umbrella, man?" asked a passer-by. "A new umbrella is such a pain as this! Why, you must be in a hurry to get the contents of a water-spout down his back."

On the Apache Indian chief, as pictured in a tall and finely formed man, and except the long and deep furrows across his forehead, given very little indication of age. His hair is intensely black, his face smooth and slightly ornamented with yellow ochre. His mouth is splendidly formed and flexible, his nose prominent, and his eyes express no feeling. The whole expression of his countenance is pleasant, and one looks in vain for a shadow of that ferocity which has so long been attributed to him.

YESTERDAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MARIE S. LAIRD.

Yesterday the old year died,
And with it all its joys and sorrows,
And the new year came to-day,
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JUST NEW.

LADY VIVIAN.—"You know what is meant by saying you are dust?"

CHILD.—"No, m'm, please I don't."

CURATE.—"Fuch, pooh!—you know your body is made—"

CHILD.—"Oh, yes, sir! Mrs. Pepper, the dressmaker, made my body, but I did the skirt myself."

large sum of money about you, and I am determined to have it."

"What if I refuse to give it up?" I asked, watching him closely.

"Then you die like a dog—and your body will be thrown over the rocks there to feed the wolves. There is no use in talking, son; you must hand over the gold at once—or I will put a ball through your head."

"Will you? I think not!" I said, raising my revolver and firing; but to my astonishment I missed my mark, and the fellow remained uninjured. Quick as thought he threw himself upon me and bore me to the ground. I struggled desperately—but the brigand was a giant in size, and more than a match for me. He held me securely—and I saw him draw a glittering stiletto from his belt.

At this moment several men came running towards us, and a flickering lantern cast a ghastly light over the scene.

"What are you doing, Gomez?" yelled one of the newcomers—a large, dark-bearded man. "Get down that knife instantly. Do you not know that it is against my orders to kill, except in self-defense."

"I know it captain; and I am only acting in self-defense. The villain fled at me, and would have killed me, had his aim been good. You must have heard the shot."

"We did not," came at once to see what was going on. "You must not kill the second, although he deserves death. We will take him alive to the cave—and if we can make nothing out of him, we will dispatch him quietly after awhile."

"Curse him!" muttered Gomez, clutching his throat. "I will have his life yet."

"Will you obey me or not?" roared the captain of the brigands, glaring furiously at the refractory Gomez.

The fellow released me with reluctance; and I was lifted to my feet by two or three of the party.

"Now," said the captain, standing before me and holding a pistol close to my head, "hand over your money and valuables, or I will blow your stubborn head to atoms!"

I knew it would be folly to try to resist a dozen heavily armed men, so I quietly delivered my money, to the amount of several hundred dollars, into the captain's hands.

"Now your arms," continued he, "and your watch—I know you have a watch, and we must have it."

"We will now retire to the cave, Gomez, secure this fellow's hands, lest he try to escape, or hurt some one."

"You have everything I have of any value; but you let me go at once!" I said, not caring to visit the retreat of the brigands. "You will gain nothing by detaining me longer."

"Don't you think your friends will be willing to pay something to save your life, and set you free again?"

"I have no friends here," I replied. "I am a native of the United States."

"That may be true, and it may not," sneered the captain. "At any rate, we will take you with us, and if you are of no further use, we will knock you on the head, and throw your body out for the wolves to breakfast on."

"I said nothing, knowing that I was helpless in their hands. Two heavy fellows grasped my arms, and I was hurried along in the midst of the villainous company. After a half-hour's travelling in this manner, up hill and down, over rocks, torrents, and through a dense wood, we arrived at the entrance of a cave. Here I was blindfolded, and led into the subterranean abode of the bandits. At last my captors halted, took the bandage from my eyes, and I was allowed to look upon the wild and picturesque scene. At least twenty rough, long-haired men were assembled in a large square room. Various articles of plunder were strewn around. In one corner a fireplace was constructed, in which a bright fire was blazing. Two or three female figures were bending over this, evidently preparing the evening meal."

"Hurry up, granny!" said the captain, in a loud voice. "Hurry up, I say! The men are terribly hungry, I can tell you—and I myself have a voracious appetite."

"Supper will soon be ready, granny," answered the woman addressed as captain, an old, withered, hideous-looking hag. The second woman was a handsome middle-aged negro; the third was a young girl, not more than seventeen, with one of the most beautiful faces I had ever seen. I was greatly surprised, as I little expected to discover beauty and innocence in a robber's cave; and I watched the girl with a persistence that attracted the notice of one of the bandits.

"What are you looking at, senor?" he demanded with a hoarse laugh. "I am looking at that beautiful girl standing yonder. Who is she?"

"Captain's daughter," answered the man, sententially.

I said no more, but continued to regard the maiden attentively. I noticed, with some surprise, that though her eyes were large, dark, and dreamy, and full of the fire and passion of the South, her skin was very fair, and her glossy hair of a light-brown shade. The robber chief was almost as swarthy as an Indian, and I could see no resemblance whatever between them.

The meal was soon ready, and the men attached the provisions with the voracity of a pack of famished wolves. While the bandits were absorbed in eating, the beautiful girl silently approached the spot where I was seated, with my hands still securely bound.

She stopped before me, and bent her soft, melancholy eyes upon my face. I gazed upon her with respectful admiration, but did not speak.

"Senor," she said, in sweet, tremulous tones, "are you a Mexican?"

"I am not," I returned. "I am a native of the United States."

"I thought as much," she continued. "Have you any friends here who will be able to secure your release from this gloomy den?"

"I have not a friend or relative, to my knowledge, in all Mexico."

"God pity you, then! I fear you will never return to your home. You are in the hands of lawless men, who will think nothing of taking your life and tossing your body into some dark hollow for wild beasts to prey upon. I pity you, senor."

"And why is it, gentle maiden," I said, "that you take such an interest in my fate? Are these wild men, who regard not the laws of God nor man, your people, your kindred?"

"Alas! I fear so," she answered sadly. "Have you then no positive knowledge on the subject? Is not the captain of the band your father?"

"So I have been told, so has himself declared, and yet there are moments when I cannot believe it."

"But surely you have some reasons for your doubts?" I said, deeply interested.

"I have faint recollections of leading a different life when I was a child—of beautiful homes and loving parents—but it may be all imagination."

"Believe me it is not," I said warmly. "Will you tell me your name, my fair friend?"

"Juanita," she answered. "But goodbye, senor, I must leave you. We have already talked too long."

She gave me a sweet smile and glided away. I was greatly astonished and excited by what she had told me. I felt certain that she was not the bandit's child, but perhaps the daughter of some wealthy nobleman, stolen and detained in the hope of a large ransom. The maiden's melancholy, beautiful face made a deep impression on me, and I resolved to learn more of her if I possibly could.

After the brigands had partaken of a hearty meal, the majority of them threw themselves on the floor to sleep; but the captain and two or three others approached me.

"Well, senor, would you like something to eat?" asked the leader, smiling.

"A trifling word would be disagreeable to me," I answered.

"Carlos, bring the caballero a plate of bread and meat, with some wine; he shall not complain of our lack of hospitality."

The cord that bound my hands being loosened a little, I partook liberally of the very good fare placed before me. When I had finished, the captain turned to the men and said:

"Now, Gomez, you and Carlos show the gentleman to his room. If his apartment is not very elegant, it is at least strong and secure."

Grimacing maliciously, the villainous Gomez seized me roughly by the arm and hurried away. I was greatly astonished and excited by what she had told me. I felt certain that she was not the bandit's child, but perhaps the daughter of some wealthy nobleman, stolen and detained in the hope of a large ransom. The maiden's melancholy, beautiful face made a deep impression on me, and I resolved to learn more of her if I possibly could.

After delivering this cheering piece of information, Gomez stamped away, and I was left to commune with my own thoughts. That they were not agreeable company the reader will readily believe; but I resolved to make the best of a bad business. Groping around the rocky walls of my dungeon, I discovered a rude couch, on which I threw myself. It was a long time ere I could compose my excited brain; but at length I sank into an uneasy sleep, and dreamed of the robber's daughter, Juanita.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

PEN PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON.

By JAMES FANTON.

Jefferson was a stripling of seventeen, tall, raw-boned, freckled, and sandy-haired, when, in 1760, he came to Williamsburg from the Far West of Virginia, to enter the College of William and Mary. With his large feet and hands, his thick veins, and his bushy hair, he was a striking figure, and had not been accounted handsome or graceful.

He is described, however, as a fresh, bright, healthy-looking youth, as straight as a gun-barrel, sinewy and strong, with that girlishness of movement which comes of early familiarity with saddle, gun, canoe, and country dance—that sure, elastic tread and ease of bearing which we still observe in country-bred lads who have been exempt from the rudiments of agriculture, while enjoying, in full measure, the freedom and sports of the country. His teeth, too, were perfect, which alone redounds a commendable testimony of other charms; his eyes, which were of hazel-gray, were beaming and expressive; and his demeanor gave assurance of a gentle heart and sympathetic, inquisitive mind.

Such looks, eager and unfurrowed, still come to college from honest country lads, in regions where agriculture is carried on upon a scale that allows some leisure to the farmer's family, some liberality of expenditures, books, music, a tasteless of art, and hospitable habits. Now welcome, how dear, to the student, the society of these are common to the noblest minds in the land.

Two of the Red Stockings have joined a choir. One of them officiates as short-choir on the organ, and the other sings third soprano. All their interest is concentrated on the Tenor's Miss.

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Answers to Correspondents.

ADDITION TO CLAR.—A correspondent asks "if the can be made to do more than one thing."

TO CORRESPONDENT.—All correspondents should be asked to send their communications to the editor of the Post, and not to the publisher, as the publisher is not responsible for the contents of the paper.

E. H. G. (Galesburg) writes: "Allow me to congratulate you on your success in the election of the city of Galesburg, Iowa. It is a great triumph for the city, and a great triumph for you."

Happening upon your own paper and how the former was pronounced? It is a great triumph for the city, and a great triumph for you."

What is the best work on Anatomy? It is a great triumph for the city, and a great triumph for you."

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